

OLD IZAAK.

PIPER PAN.

The scenery, painted by Mr. T. E. Ry

an, and then the rabbit made a rush into the r

THE ACTOR.

Among the items seen and heard by
during the hour and a half of my stay
"Crazed," the well-known farce,
which Miss Kate Everleigh (Mrs. So-
mon) played with much vivacity, was
seconded by Mr. F. Darrell, who brought
talents as a vocalist into requisition. V-

MADAME.

Although soft natural tints continue to be in vogue, bright colours are by no means out of fashion. We have stylish scarlet cloths and scarlet plaids in both dresses and cloaks, lighting up the gloom of our December streets. Indoors the taste for violent contrasts often asserts itself, and when well managed and suited to the complexion of

MR. WHEELER

Some ladies' cycling clubs may, for a know to the contrary, deserve the hard thing written of them by certain brethren of quill. But it is neither fair nor chivalrous run amuck at all institutions of the sort know of a few which are excellently managed in all respects, the greatest care being taken to exclude doubtful characters. They essentially private organisations, formed the sole purpose of enabling feminine cycl-

BENSON'S

ARE the Best Value, the Strongest, most Durable, and
Finest Timekeepers ever made.

TESTIMONIALS from THOUSANDS of owners now using

BENSON'S

"LUDGATE" WATCH

Unequalled for Accuracy, Durability, and Value.
IN SILVER CASES. IN 18CT. GOLD CASES
\$5.50. \$12.12s.

The Best and Strongest LONDON MADE THREE-QUART PLATE ENGLISH LEVER ever sold at the price. Chronometer Balance, fully Jewelled with Rubies, Patent Dust-Proof, Ring Band, and Extended Barrel. Special

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD
UNEQUALLED AT THE PRICE.

Made in four sizes at the same price:—Small for Gentlemen and Youths; Medium for Working Men generally; Extra Large for Miners and Railway Men; and Extra Small Ladies.

WENSON'S PAMPHLET, the largest and best of its kind.

containing nearly 200 pages of Prices and Illustrations of every class of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, *Plats*, &c. Turret Clocks, sent post free on application to

J. W. BENSON.

MAKER TO H.M. THE QUEEN,
The Steam Factory,
62 AND 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

22, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and 21, Old Bond-street, W.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)

D O C O A
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

THE
CHRISTMAS GUINEA HAMPER
OF THE
FEDERATED SCOTCH WHISKY STORE

MILFORD-LANE, DO. STRAND,
CONTAINS Six Bottles of Old Highland Whiskies, viz. —
Newie, Beryl Brackin, Glengroul, Royal Glenury,
The Ross, and the Edinburgh Old Blend. All of the
Quality.

**PAIN'S GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP
LETTER COUNTING COMPETITION**

THE First Prize, and the biggest on record, is an E roomed House, or its Cash Value, \$300; also 1,000 valuable prizes to be given. Full rules and particulars, "Presentation Form" for the above-named Competition, be given to those entering either one of the following places:

my \$3,000 has already been paid! Pain's Grand Amos Com-
roy ments for the season of 1900. Easy Biblical Competi-
 tions. Easy enough for all! Evening work around the fire, we
 will be found both pleasant and instructive. Cash Pr-
 izes, \$30, \$20, \$10, 25, 25, 25, 20 at 25 each, and 30 at 10c. each
 in all. To be paid in full, certain, no matter how few ent-

Competition, to make a correct use of the old authorities. Use the old authorities in the 16 Chapters of 1. Corinthians. Use the old authorities in the version Bible, and not the revised. Count all letters to the end of both capital and small, of all sizes. No mistaking rule. Count only those letters in the actual words of verses to count. Count not headings of chapters or references. Simply count. This is a perfectly legal.

and easy working Competition for all. All prizes will
be given to those who count most correctly; they are given for merit
and not by chance. Simply get an ordinary sheet of writing
paper, and write very, very plainly, with pencil or
ink, on the top of this paper, first the words "
'Q' Competition," your full name and address,

Chapters, and total of all. Write on one side of your list, and on the other side, only. Enclose nothing but your list, 2c. Postal Order for 2c. 1d. stamps, entrance fee, and 2d. stamps for full prize. Result in envelope, and post same as soon as possible, but not later than Monday, December 29th, as Competition closes on Tuesday, December 30th. Prized result, con-

winners' full names and addresses, after which the next
 such Chapter, will be posted to every Competitor positively
 later than Friday, January 5th. Prizes come same
 Then you have only to wait ten days to know the result
 sending in your work. If entries permit, prizes are large
 increased in FAIR's Competitions, but never decreased, no matter
 how small the prize. If you wish to know more, prices are

given for the nearest correct work. If several send the correct numbers, PAIR reserves the right of either adding to the prize, and dividing them amongst the correct workers, or giving further deciding work to the tying competitors. Don't forget that with the result of this annual following Competition will be sent full particulars of the

Only one person from same address to enter the Competition without help of any kind, and each to declare at foot of figures that they have done the entire work alone. —AD-
 letters, W. T. PAIN, "The Prairie," 55, Queen's
 Rochester, and H. St. Michael's, Montreal, Folkestone.

Cash prize \$20, \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2, and \$1 each, each \$20 to be paid in full, no matter how few send, to those who most correctly the letter "D" in the 12 Chapters of "Dad". This Competition closes Friday, January 2nd, certain. Jan. 1st to be posted to each Competitor, positively, Monday, Jan. 12th. [at]. Entrance fee is. Postal Order, or is. id. at.

Cash prizes £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 50p at £1 each, and 10p, each (£100 in all), to be paid in full, no matter how small, to those counting most correctly the letters "P" and "C" in the words "Postage" and "Competition." This Competition closes Tuesday, 12th December 1933.

January 6th, certain. Result to be posted to every competitor, positively Friday, January 16th, latest. Entrance fee, Postal Order or 2s. 6d. stamps, and 2s. stamps for printed result. Other Rules and Conditions same as in Competition above, except that Lists must be headed "D. Competition."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Another of PAIN's every Competitor in either one of the above Competitions as presented a Coupon (same to be sent with results of petitions), to enter, entirely free of charge (without pay of the entrance fee of 2s.), another of PAIN's Easy & Counting Competitions, prizes over £100, and the easy

for Hebrews.—Address letters, W. T. FARM, 10, Queen-street, Folkestone, and 10, St. Michael's-
Folkestone.

CHRISTMAS

[illegible]

CHRIST

The Birthplace
of Jesus Christ
and the site of his
tomb are open to all
at all times.

M O

WIDOWS' CONSUMPTION

The latest and best
cure complete. Price
\$10.00.

M O

M C

GOOD SLATE CO.
Manufacturers of
SLATES, with better material,
A Large Stock of
carefully selected, from

M C

CONCRETE OUTLET
of commercial prices.

MOORHEAD

Moore's Sonnets for
Whom? Ours, Tardier Ours,
Date Not,

CHRISTMAS
Will be issued to
from. Worcester,
1, Leaside Hill,
the
Office of French
Circles.
is run from Le-
sides, W. High-
ways, Perth, and
it is run to meet
and 10.40 p.m.
ford, Nova Scotia,
an advertisement is
to be published in
Wolver, Bureau,
Canada, Hamilton,
and

OFFICES: MANITOBA
"IN THE MIDST OF GENERALITY, WISDOM, AN ORDER ALSO PRESERVES CALLED 'THE fold, chap. 1."

IN — A Special
London Bridge at
Brixton, Lewisham,
Chislehurst, and
Dartford.

the mischief of his party. The fact that he was at Baselstow gave most crushing evidence of his Conservative bias, but there is no doubt that FREDERICK has been very much fearful state of rural elections. The important

to Chisholm, Alford, Polk, Margate, leaving 2.2 a.m., and to 12 men. But the

these articles
The reply gives
most emphatic
will have no
betrayer of
who, after per
immorality, p
bidding of
matter, Base
the almost
Britain, and
first place

Water at 2.8
SOUTHAMPTON,
Gosport, Bournemouth,
and LATE TRAIN
Water at 10.7 p.m.
SOUTHAMPTON, Gosport,
Bournemouth, 10.30 p.m.
mailing at the principal
will be available
Bournemouth
10.30 and 11.5 p.m.
SOUTHAMPTON, Gosport,
Bournemouth, 10.30 p.m.
mailing at the principal
will be available
Bournemouth
10.30 and 11.5 p.m.

the disaster
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As for ourselves
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has unceasing
circulation a
fluence. Wh
demonstrate
able readers
Christmas n

or quantity
happy Chris

Bony street

Clerkenwell.

North London.

pronounced by a magistrate to be beyond parents' control, and was sent to the Edward Industrial School at Hackney. She had not been there long before she stole a shawl belonging to the matron, for which offence she was charged at Worship-street and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, followed by five years in a reformatory. The

Marylebone.

SOUTHWARK.

Croydon.

On Saturday Inspector Nunaa submitted several long informations at the New London Police Court to Mr. Haden Cross. On reading them, the magistrate granted a warrant against a man of the Y Division for an indecent assault on a little girl.

BRANDY, BEER, LAUDANUM, AND DEATH.

DEATH AT THE BIRMINGHAM BANK.—Dr. Sanford Thomas held an inquest on the body of

The following inquests were also held by coroners in the various metropolitan districts:—

A newly-born female child was found by P. 405 N in Chalton-crescent, Islington Green, wrapped in a piece of brown canvas. The

alexandra, 120 lbs; and Evonne, 210 lbs.

CONVERTER SYSTEM AND BATTERY

attendance of visitors.

produce.

Figure 1

being disturbed, that she died almost immediately from fright.

The Foreign Office have received through the British Legation, testimonials which have been awarded by the French Government to the master and certain members of the crew of the Allan Line steamship *Polynesia*, who rendered by them to the shipwrecked crew of the French brig *Mathilda*, on the 25th January last.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, says *Piccadilly* owns the house in Youghal in which Sir Walter Raleigh used to live during his residence in Ireland. He purchased it some years ago on account of its historical interest, and is so strange to say, it is still pretty much in the same state in which it was when that great man lived there in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

DEGREES OF SHAME.

he wanted the child, all he had been trading for some length of time, for

hear more about it later."



Eastern passenger train from Kingston.

THE EGG ON THE THAMES

father.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

bour, for twelve months.—Eliza Wa

Reformatory Buildings, Deptford, was found at the Greenwich Police Court for treating and neglecting her stepchild, a little girl of 11 years. The evidence showed a good deal of systematic cruelty and starvation, and the prisoner, who, it was said of late given way to drink, was sentenced, with hard labour, for a month.

Lord Lothian has left London for Monteviot, Scotland, where he remains until January next.

Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Company state that their clients, the Consolidated Bank, Limited, are in no way connected with the case heard a week ago before Mr. Commissioner Korr, in which certain revelations were made in connection with West End lodging houses.

THE HAMPTON STRIKE. SEVERANCE OF IMPRISONMENT.

EXCITING FIRE OFF WATERLOO

TAMPERING WITH A LETTER BOX.

Sir H. Drummond Wolff has arrived in Lo

✓100-CREDIT HOURS.

(Continued from Last Week.)

SOMETHING LIKE A

TESTIMONIAL.

MEDICAL NOTE.

The above speaks for itself. From strict

18 to him.

K BRIDGES: 30022 BOLLINGER
K BRIDGES: 30028 LOUGHER

time

WALLACE'S COUGH REMEDY.

"There is unquestionably" no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and all bronchitis than KEATING'S LOZENGES. No medicine man will assure you of this fact. He is a swindler; they contain no strong acting but simple drugs; the most delicate can take it and every body in the line.

**SHOCKING VITRIOL-THROWING
CASE.
DANGER FOR LIFE.**

At the Macon Winter Amuse, before 2 Justice O'Brien and a special jury, the trial of Patrick Lucy and Michael Collins having, on the 4th of August, at Macroom, the county Cork, thrown vitriol at a girl named Margaret Sullivan, was commenced. A third person named Kelleher, who had been charged with participation in the outrage, turned Queen's evidence, and was acquitted. The Queen's evidence for the prosecution. There were two witnesses for the defence. They were both throwing vitriol with intent to burn, with intent to maim, with intent to disgrace, with intent to disable, and with intent to grievous bodily harm. The prisoners pleaded not guilty.—Mr. Carson, Q.C., who prosecuted, said the young girl, Margaret Sullivan, was a dressmaker by trade, lived in Macroom. On August 4th, about six o'clock at night she and her sister were passing over a bridge which crossed the River Blackwater, when they were assailed by three men, who threw vitriol at them.

threw into her face, inflicting injuries of dreadful nature, which would prevent her, probably, from ever again leaving her room—at all events from ever again earning a living to support herself. The younger prisoner, Collins, was the person who actually threw the fluid into the poor girl's face. The older prisoner, Lucy, was not himself actually present at the throwing of the vitriol, but he could not be beyond all doubt, that he was the man who actually concocted the diabolical outrage, and who procured, and, to certain extent, coerced Collins into doing the deed. Kellacher was one of those whom Lucy procured to assist in the deed. Lucy employed in the soda-water manufactory was named Shea, and had access to vessels containing vitriol, and he showed the outrage was committed. Collins took away some of the vitriol from Shea's establishment. He was seen a short time before the commission of the outrage, and there was then on his face none of the burns and blisters which were found after the dreadful occurrence. Collins had made a confession, in which he admitted that it was he who threw the vitriol into the girl's face. He was released by the L. About a year or four months before the occurrence, Lucy had been keeping company with Margaret Sullivan. Her father did not like that she should encourage the society of a man, and three months before the occurrence

she ceased to walk with him. This was cause of hostility on the part of Lucy toward the girl. The prisoner assumed a considerable prior to August 2, when the girl by a throw of the vitriol on her, and he went to Kelleher Collins to ask them to assist him in carrying out the design. The vitriol was thrown at the corner of the lane, and a man heard a splash which he recognized to be Lucy's, said Collins, who seemed to be protesting, must do it. Why did you say you would? Evidence was given in support of each statement.

TERRIBLE INJURIES.

The medical evidence showed that the doctor who had at first attended Miss Sullivan contracted blood poisoning, and his life was in danger for some time. The injuries of the girl were described. The left side of her head and neck had rotted away, and the right side of her body was burnt off. The ball of the left eye had turned completely round, and the sight of that eye was permanently destroyed. The lids of the right eye were partially eaten away, and the sight very imperfect. The girl was barely able to distinguish light from darkness. A portion of the scalp was also burnt away, and the nose was nearly destroyed. Both her ears were burnt. District Attorney General Smith, Macroom, produced statements made by Collins, in which he admitted having thrown the vitriol at Margaret Sullivan at the bridge, and under the compulsion of Kelleher, he said, stood near her while she whistled as the girl passed, and the bridge warden, William Kelly, who turned Queen's evidence, stated Lucy several times asked him to throw vitriol at Margaret Sullivan, whom, he said, he was courting, and who threw it, and now accused at him as she passed. Mr. Justice O'Brien, in his charge, said:

strongly in the revolt. The prisoners were guilty—his lordship's sentence called for seven years' penal servitude, and Lord penal servitude for life. He said the wreness of the crime was not transcend murder, and he was not sure but that forfeiture of Lucy's life would be the measure of his crime.

—

A MARGATE HOTEL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

EXCITING LATEST.

The Grand Hotel, adjoining the Jet Margate, and extending to Paradise was entirely destroyed by fire early Thursday morning. At about twenty past one an alarm was given, and the fire was subsequently quickly responded. The hotel was subsequently joined by the Broad and Birchington brigades. The proprietor, Mr. Goldsworthy, had been from Margate for a few days, but was on the premises at 10.30. The manager, Mr. Bright, told the who expressed much difficulty in escaping. Some way by means of a ladder and the top of a house at the back of the premises manager and a porter escaped at the head barnard, Miss Cooper, sprang from a window. Her head was injured in the fall. The fire was extinguished, but was unable to save any of their belongings. The neighbours promptly rendered assistance, as did also the police and coastguard. Nearly the whole of the furniture and entire stock were destroyed, and of the only the walls remain. The Ship Hotel, the other a large hotel, was not destroyed, but was injured by smoke, heat, and the cause of the fire is unknown. The had recently been thoroughly renovated, decorated at great expense, and the probably amount to about £20,000. The building and furniture were insured.

THE QUEEN AND HER CHAIR
EDGAR BOCHM
 A communication was on Tuesday received the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral, conveying a special request from the Queen, the late Sir Edgar Bochm might be buried in the cathedral. Her Majesty's desire, of course, immediately acceded to, and arrangements will forthwith be made for the interment.

TO THE CHAIRITABLE.
 TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S FREEDOM."

Sir,—I beg to earnestly request you to provide the poor and destitute of the parish, including "Lancet Market and a Drury-lane, numbering some 9,000, a little comfort at Christmas, in the form of bread, meat, coals, blankets, and clothing. No person can walk through this district without a sigh, and although other charities are doing, and will be no more in the favour of the poor, yet to me it is almost impossible to imagine the misery which confront us, the pictures of life hanging perpetually before our eyes. We have a deep desire to this weight of trouble by the distribution of cloth to old and young at the time when so many are happy at their work, surrounded by their nearest and dearest. I know you will ventilate me, and help me as far as you can.

Yours truly,
J. J. H. SEPTIMUS PENNINGTON,
 Eector's Vestry, St. Clement's D.

"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

A fire at a yarn mill near Wakefield has done damage to the extent of £12,000. There were 1,767 deaths and 2,293 births in London last week.

The municipal voters in the City aggregate 212. There were 27,923 last year.

Fifty-six deaths in London last week were attributable to accident or negligence. There were no fewer than ten deaths from burns or scalds last week in the metropolis.

Great Britain, with her population of thirty-eight millions, has an army of 614,000 men.

There were 457 deaths in the metropolis last week from diseases of the respiratory organs.

The County Council has resolved to forward to the Charity Commissioners certain recommendations and suggestions for the management of the scheme for the relief of the poor of the County of Middlesex.

A terrible accident has occurred in the Seven Gables Colliery, Saxony. A boy of 12 years, who was engaged in the works, being overcome by the fumes of a heap of live coal, fell upon the burning mass and was literally burned alive.

Nearly all the rivers in county Limerick have overflowed their banks within the past few days and a great extent of the surrounding country is inundated. The water in some places being five or six feet deep. A man named Dunwoody has been drowned.

It is said that the report of the Land Commission shows that while the average of purchase for holdings sold under the Purchase Act was, in 1880, 16 years' purchase, it has been in 1890 16½ years. Only £1,000 of arrears remain unpaid up to the present.

Samuel Lyons, labourer, was, at the Whitehaven Police Court, committed for trial on the charge of attempting to murder his wife by cutting her throat with a razor. After the wound was inflicted, the woman, who is a hospital nurse, became ill with typhus fever, and was confined for some time to the hospital.

Mrs. Lyons, an old lady occupying the position of caretaker of Barrander's Catholic Church, Wicklow, was found murdered in her cottage, which is close by the church. She is known to have had money saved, and a tramp who was seen lurking in the neighbourhood of the house is suspected of the crime.

The body of William McCulloch, aged 23 years, who resided with his parents at Grahams town, Barrow, has been found in an old quarry at Cross Stabs, Barrow, near Paisley. The deceased had evidently missed his way in the darkness, and fell a distance of over 100 ft. The remains were terribly disfigured.

A gas engineer, named John Deakin, was drowned while working at Seacombe, near Birkenhead. He died at and killed a bird, which dropped on the ice covering a deep pit. His dog went to fetch the bird, but the ice broke and the dog fell into the water. Mr. Deakin, in trying to get the dog out, also fell through the ice and was drowned.

Dr. Dacre Fox, of Leeds, obtained, at Leeds Assizes, a verdict for £1,000 for a libel published by the proprietor of a local paper. The libel consisted in the defendants publishing in one of their pamphlets a statement that the plaintiff had wrongly treated a patient, that the latter had all but lost his life under the treatment, and that his life had been saved by taking their medicine.

Two men, named Mitchell and Hall, in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company, at Little Bridge, were charged, at the West London Police Court, with robbing their employers. Mitchell had been charged with the robbery, and Hall had been charged with the receipt of the stolen goods.

The result of the poll in the parish of All Saints, Poplar, on the question of the adoption of the Public Libraries Act, has been declared as follows:—For the adoption of the Act, 3,301; against it, 311—majority for, 2,990.

The coalheavers' strike at Gibraltar is devoid of importance, as Spanish labourers are willing to work in place of the strikers, and the coaling of steamers continues. (owing to the local labourers attempting to intimidate those willing to work, the authorities have ordered the troops to hold themselves in readiness to suppress any disturbance.)

A successor to the "postilion of Longmeau" has been found in Hungary. He is a young man of 20 years of age, named M. de St. Louis, who is a native of the town of St. Louis, and is a member of the theatre of St. Louis.

At a meeting of the employees of the Gas Light and Coke Company, at the Athenaeum Hall, Tottenham, on Monday last, representatives from the various districts attended, and it was unanimously agreed that the meeting should be held in the future at the Athenaeum Hall, Tottenham, on the first of each month.

A labourer, named Deards, fought with another, named Finch, on the evening of the 6th inst., on the Lea Bridge road, after a quarrel about some horses. They had had three rounds when Finch fell, and he died in a few minutes. Deards was taken before the magistrate at North London, and committed for trial for manslaughter.

A number of English members of Parliament, representatives of trade unions and other associations, have addressed, through the *Peoples' Lobby*, a letter to the Hungarian Minister, Mr. Kossuth, asking for facilities for the working of the new sugar tariff system on the Hungarian railways. In a very friendly reply, the Minister gives his correspondents an invitation to visit Hungary.

After an absence of fifteen years from England, the 1st Border Regiment, commanded by Colonel Gillis, arrived at Dover on Monday from India, having reached Portsmouth on Sunday. The regiment is 700 strong, and is composed of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 1st Border Regiment, and the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 2nd Border Regiment.

A very strongly-worded official denial is given at Rome to the statement that the Italian Ambassador in London had, in a confidential despatch, referred to a letter from the Emperor Menelik to Queen Victoria protesting against an Italian Protectorate. The Italian Government has heard nothing of such a document, and no communication or observation of the kind has been made either by the Italian Ambassador in London or by the Italian Ambassador in Rome.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1890, when there was a balance of £2,292,061, to December 15th, 1890, were £23,557,515, against £23,551,139 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £2,322,092. The net expenditure was £23,052,171, against £23,318,585 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balance on December 15th, 1890, amounted to £2,127,098, and at the same date in 1889 to £2,322,092.

There was a large gathering of Freemasons at Reading on Monday, when the Prince of Wales installed the Duke of Clarence as Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire. The Duke of Connaught was also present, and the Royal visitors received an enthusiastic welcome.

At the luncheon which followed, Lord Carrington, who has just returned from South Wales, was present and delivered a long and interesting paper on the subject of the relations between the British and the Welsh.

It was announced that his Lordship would become the Provincial Grand Master for the new Province of Bucks. Russia boasts an army of 5,200,000 men. Mr. Parnell's favourite flower of speech—The Healytopos.

Henry George has now entirely retired from journalism. Frank Ahlers, a New York youth, is dead of epilepsy, produced, the doctors say, by excessive smoking of cigarettes.

A large flight of seagulls was seen on the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge, the other afternoon. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta will be the guests of the Queen during the Christmas festivities.

Does Mr. Edison sigh for literary honours? At all events, he is said to be engaged on a scientific novel. A terrible accident has occurred in Piedmont. An officer and five soldiers were engulfed in an avalanche.

A Chicago car recently ran down a thief, and there is some talk of putting it on the detective force. In the years 1883 and 1889 there were nearly 40 persons in receipt of poor relief out of every 1,000 inhabitants of the metropolis; in 1890 there are 20½—less than one half.

The Duke of Cambridge is going to the Mediterranean early next month for a few weeks, and he will stay at Malta for about a fortnight. The Queen, owing to other engagements, has intimated that she cannot accept the invitation to visit Wales on the occasion of the National Eisteddfod next year.

Miss Talbot, of Margate, has signified to the Aberavon Town Council her intention to provide a site of two acres and subscribe £500 towards the proposed intermediate school at Aberavon.

The United States and Norway have both a much larger tonnage of sailing ships than of steamers, but Norway is increasing her sailing tonnage as well as her steamers, while America is decreasing her sailing ships. With regard to the statements that the health of the Pope causes the greatest anxiety, private telegrams from Rome declare that his holiness is in excellent health, and that he is feeling stronger than last year.

It is stated in the *Tablet* that the Hon. William Gibson, eldest son of Lord Ashbourne, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Rev. W. D. Strappell, S.J., at Oxford. Far from thinking that his social scheme will in England prove the failure which some of the critics have predicted for it, General Booth is actually not without hope that he may be able to extend it, in one form or another, to other European countries.

The total import of foreign stock into London last week amounted to 575 head. In the corresponding period last year the numbers were 6,836. Four years ago during the same period 11,046 were brought into the metropolis.

The Queen of the Belgians has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her accession. A committee of Belgian ladies has presented her with 750 wreaths in celebration of the occasion. This will go to the Workers' Accident Insurance Fund.

The Glasgow East-end Exhibition will be opened by Lord Lothian, and will be visited by Lord Salisbury early next year. Lord Provost Muir has finally decided that there shall be no license for the sale of excisable liquors within the building.

Several freight conductors and other trainmen on the Cincinnati division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad have been arrested at Louisville. Leonardo charged with the deliberate wrecking of trains, and it is alleged that a great conspiracy has been discovered.

A wealthy widow, Frau Kathi Hoffman, has left her fortune to the weavers of Vienna. Masters and men are to have equal right to the interest of the money if they can show that they are in urgent need. The charitable lady's husband earned his fortune in the coal trade.

The Chinese Squadron was recently caught in a severe gale, which considerably damaged some of the ships. One man was washed overboard, but was afterwards picked up. The matter was so skilfully handled as to cause the admiral to signal to his commander the words, "Well done."

It is a curious feature, in the late autumn and early winter fashions, that which is a favourite colour, not only for evening wear, but also for the day time. White cloth dresses, trimmed with white Persian lamb's fur, or with the favourite black astrakhan, or again with black velvet, are popular.

While London and its vicinity have been enveloped in fog, it may be of interest to know that the south coast of England has been visited by fine and sunny weather. The weather is so good that the sea is calm, and the sun is shining brightly.

A Millie Lanthorn shot and killed her lover, Samuel Goldberg, at San Francisco, but she was acquitted by the jury. At the time of the shooting, Goldberg had threatened to kill her unless she would marry him by contract, and he was shot by the woman while he was apparently preparing to draw a weapon from his pocket.

It is officially announced that the Queen has appointed the Rev. Charles John Martyn, rector of Long Melford, Suffolk, and honorary chaplain to her Majesty, to be one of the chaplains in ordinary to her Majesty. The Queen has also appointed the Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D., vicar of Leeds, Yorkshire, to be one of the honorary chaplains to her Majesty.

A fire has occurred at Dundee in a large tenement in High-street, occupied by 15 families. The premises are in a populous neighbourhood, and numbers of people occupying adjoining houses had a narrow escape from suffocation. Much damage was done to Messrs. Henderson's stock, and the loss is estimated at about £9,000.

At the Central Criminal Court, before the Common Sergeant, Mr. Phillips made an application in reference to the charge against Joseph Lawrence, the proprietor of *Modern Society*, to allow Mr. Isaac Clark to withdraw from the prosecution, and not to offer any evidence against the defendant. The Common Sergeant granted the application.

The death of Mrs. Godfrey, the wife of Lieut. Dan Godfrey, the popular bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, has called for much sympathy for Mr. Godfrey from all ranks in the Brigade of Guards. The deceased lady, who was very popular, was seized with a stroke of paralysis while at the Adelphi Theatre about a fortnight ago, and, notwithstanding all medical skill, succumbed to the attack.

A largely attended meeting, convened by the Dulwich Conservative Association, was held at the Beckham Public Hall, Epsom, on Monday last, when Mr. J. Albert Garton presided. On the motion of Captain Thornhill, seconded by Mr. William Hertridge, the following resolution was carried:—"That this meeting expresses its continued and unabated confidence in J. Blundell Maple, M.P. for Dulwich."

In reply, Mr. Maple said that he trusted that his conduct of the past, and the future would bear out the confidence which he had been in the House of Commons he had supported to the hilt the Conservatives, because he believed that if Ireland was to be made prosperous it was only by unity.

Canes are the only signs of support some well-dressed young men show. In close application to business nothing can give points to a healthy mustard-plaster.

Mr. Andrew Lang considers Robert Louis Stevenson to be our finest writer of fiction. Mr. Balfour will spend Christmas at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix Park.

This year, for the first time, the tonnage of shipping in England has exceeded 10,000,000. A politician is apt to feel blue when he is read out of his party.

The Belgian State debt now amounts to 2,033,181,000 francs. Under the influence of cold weather the death-rate of the metropolis rose last week to 21½ per thousand.

Striking is one of the peculiarities of sticks, which is perhaps why the stick-makers have stopped work. Hairdressers (says the *Newman*) are to be provided with a journal of their own, called *Cut and Come Again*.

Bermuda has an area of only nineteen square miles. Its population, chiefly colored, numbers 14,000. Sir John Pope Hennessy has been the lifelong friend as he was the schoolfellow, of Mr. Justin McCarthy.

There are said to be 4,000 pickpockets in the French metropolis alone, and about 10,000 in the rest of France. The well-known tourists' rendezvous, the Royal Hotel, Killybegs, county Down, was destroyed by fire a few days ago.

"Inconceivable man" is the latest epithet thrown at Mr. Parnell's head. The "dis-crowned king" threw it himself. Sister Rose Gertrude, it is rumored, will again take the veil. It will be decorated with orange blossoms this time.

Ho! I love you fondly, passionately, devotedly—Shirley! Ah! Shirley! the genuine engagement ring about it. Boston has just introduced one of its weightiest citizens, Mr. Bean, who balanced the scale at 200 lb. He was a broad Bean.

"Try our 'next morning' remedy. Your headache cured while you wait." This significant placard appears in the window of a Boston druggist. When a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that should happen to be her first name. At 19 she insists on being called Miss Smith.

It is when an aged lady enters a crowded tramcar that the man seated near the door really feels that he is getting his money's worth out of his newspaper. In London there are running a foot race near the Colosseum, and the winner is a young man named Daisy.

An American exchange has it that the impetuous King of Hawaii, who is to pay the States a visit, has left his crown with his "uncle," and is working his passage. Mr. Haines, who figured so prominently in the Oxford shooting case, has resigned his Oxford fellowship, and come to London to study for the bar.

Sir J. Pope Hennessy has assured his friends in London that as far as his best advisers in the district can predict his success at Kilkenny is certain. The Pope has composed two short Latin odes, which were this week read at the celebration of the bi-centenary of the Academy of Roman Arcadians.

The lower class of negroes living in the slums of Kansas City have been seized with a craze similar to the Mesianic craze of the redskins, owing to the influence of a "Voodoo doctor" from Dismark, Dakota. A telegram from Grenoble reports that three priests were running a foot race near the Colosseum, and the winner is a young man named Daisy.

"Keep out of literature," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "at least until you feel ready to burst. Never write a line except out of a sense of duty, or with any other object save that of getting it off your mind." Mrs. A. D. do you notice how attentive the colonel is to Clara? I think there must be something between them. Mrs. B. I don't think there could be anything between them, they are so very close together.

The body of a licensed waterman, named Edward Watkins, aged 50, has been found in a limekiln at Coxside, Plymouth. The body was charred almost beyond recognition. It is supposed that the deceased went into the kiln for warmth and got suffocated.

It is announced from Geneva that the Federal Council has ordered the expulsion from Swiss territory of five Anarchists, namely, Bernard and Paul (Frenchmen), Louis and Peter (Italians), and Lovino (an Austrian).

The Edinburgh Town Council have unanimously resolved to remove Mr. Parnell's name from the burgess roll. Mr. John Morley is at present in Ireland in connection with the Tipperary prosecutions, which, however, owing to an accident to the solicitor for the defence, have been postponed.

A remarkable "unemployed" meeting was held at the Memorial Hall, London, the other afternoon, when twenty-two unemployed men, who were waiting for work, met with the secretary of the London Congregational Union as the question of introduction to vacant pastorates. No definite result was come to, the meeting being adjourned.

Mr. Burnie made an application at the Central Criminal Court in the case of a person, named Casey, charged with an unlawful assembly and riot in connection with a movement known as the "Lionel Cling Association." It is shrewdly thought that the trial should be postponed until the next session. The application was granted.

The cost of the stamps for the probate on the will of the late Mr. De Souza, of Bombay—a dog bite—amounts to 30,000 rupees. The value of the property, real and personal, left by the deceased has been sworn at under 10 lakhs of rupees. Each of the daughters of the deceased is to receive property of the value of two lakhs of rupees on the occasion of her marriage.

When it was found necessary that the Princess Beatrice should remain confined to her room, the Queen, it is said, betrayed extraordinary apprehension. December is a fatal month for her, and the princess fell sick very few days before the 14th, the death day not only of the Prince Consort but of the Princess Alice. The Queen always views the approach of this day with a certain superstitious feeling.

At the Central Criminal Court, James Corry, who pleaded guilty at the last session to embezzling divers sums of money belonging to his employers, Messrs. Stedall and Son, and manufacturers of Cannon-street, was brought up for judgment. Prisoner was the managing clerk to the prosecutors at a yearly salary of £250. His defalcations amounted to £289. He was sentenced to twenty months' hard labour.

A prosecution, instituted by the Board of Trade, was heard at Plymouth, Captain Orrihan, of the Russian ship *Pollux*, being charged with carrying a deck load of more than 100,000 lbs. of goods between Kisa and Plymouth. It was proved that the deck carried 1,900 more feet of timber on deck than was allowed by the Board of Trade regulations. The magistrates imposed a penalty of £10 and costs.

The marriage arranged between Vincent Folkestone and Miss Julia Holford will take place early in January. The death is announced of M. Eugene Charpentier, a French historical painter, at the age of 80.

General Booth's book, "In Darkest England," is to be translated into the French, German, Dutch, and Swedish languages. Persia still holds the position of owning the smallest number of merchant vessels. It owns just one, a steamer of 833 tons.

There have been more terrible storms in the Atlantic. The cattle on board the *Trave* were so frightened that many went mad. The gunboat *Grappler* has been ordered to leave Portsmouth on the 27th inst. for Ireland, where it is understood that it will distribute potatoes in the distressed districts.

"You are very domestic," said a religious controversialist to a lady Wesleyan of defective education. "There ain't no more of the dog about than you" was the reply. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., the president of the Grosvenor Hospital, Vincent-square, has sent ten brace of pheasants for the use of the patients.

In a biographical dictionary of Russian authors just issued, 1,000 pages are devoted to those whose names commence with A. Fifty the poor author who comes down in the W. E. Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to the Lyceum would seem to be an event of universal import. The new novel, especially cabled to many of the great American papers by their London correspondents.

An "automatic temperance drinks fountain" is the latest outcome of the penny-in-the-slot mania. Many people would hail its advent more enthusiastically if the cup that lubricates could be included. In Tuare county, Cal., a colony was founded for the working out of the "looking back ward ideal." The weary colonists are looking homeward now. Hellany is deposited from their shelf of household gods.

At Liverpool assizes Francis Kennedy, who was found guilty of intimidating Thomas Shannon during the progress of a strike, was sentenced to five weeks' hard labour. At the Swansea County Court, the widow of a man named Bryant sued the Atlantic Patent Fuel Company for £200 compensation for the loss of her husband, killed while working for the defendant. The latter, in defence, said that there was contributory negligence. His honour, however, gave judgment for £180.

A number of watermen and lightermen met at the Cannon-street Hotel to consider the bill about to be introduced into Parliament for the regulation of the watermen and lightermen. It was resolved to oppose by every legitimate means any attempt to interfere with the rights and interests of the community of licensed freemen.

Mr. E. A. Maund addressed the members of the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday upon trade prospects with the districts in East Africa, watered by the Zambesi. He expressed the belief that East Africa would be the granary of South Africa, and that there was no limit to the capabilities of that country in an agricultural sense.

A commercial traveller, named Olloronshaw, in the employ of Mr. F. Hutchinson, a flour factor in the City, was charged, at the Mansion House, with embezzlement and forgery. It was stated that the deficiency in his accounts exceeded £1,000. For the defendant it was urged that the relations between the parties were rather those of partners. Defendant was committed for trial.

A valet named Hurley was charged at Marlborough-street with publishing a libel on a man named Faulkner, also a valet. The latter was imprisoned some ten years ago as a suspected person, and he now stated that over since his release Hurley had persecuted him with demands for money, and had written a letter which had caused him to lose a situation. The defendant was committed for trial.

At the Leeds Assizes, John William Harrison, aged 19, described as a drover, was found guilty of the manslaughter of Annie Crabtree, a young woman with whom he had lived at Doncaster, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Jealousy was the cause of a quarrel, which ended in the woman's death. On receiving his sentence, the prisoner said to the judge that he could stand that length of time in the prison.

At the Leeds Assizes, James Mitchell, aged 25 years, a bricklayer, of Sheffield, was indicted for the manslaughter of Harriet Herbert, a woman with whom he had cohabited. The evidence showed that the woman had been literally kicked to death, the prisoner, it was alleged, having become jealous of her, as she had been visited by another man. Mitchell was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

A daring robbery has been committed at Youghal, two soldiers of the Welsh Regiment broke the side window of a jeweller's shop and abstracted therefrom rings and other property. The police were informed of the offence, and they subsequently arrested two men in a public-house. It is stated that when they were searched at the police barracks some of the missing goods were found secured upon them.

The photograph is, it is said, engaging the attention of some of our military men. It is urged that it is very serviceable in the secret departments, and, in addition, saves the time of stenographers. An Army general, too, might carry a portable photograph while on horseback and breathe into it his commands, and the wax cylinder could be taken by aides-de-camp to the desired quarters for the officers in charge of the troops. It is said that even dispatches might thus be dictated on the field.

At the London County Sessions, Elicia Armstrong, alias Mary Ann Scarborough, who at the September assize was convicted of wilfully giving to a registrar of births and deaths certain false information concerning a death, was brought up for sentence. Since the trial it was stated that Scarborough, the man with whom she had been living, and who, it was suggested, had induced her to make the false statement, had been convicted of felony. Sir P. Liddin sentenced her to three days' imprisonment, which admitted of her immediate discharge.

Sir Walter Barttelot, speaking at a dinner at Hoxham, referred to the charges brought against his son. Was it fair, he asked, that a man, from whatever country he came, should decay the services of two men who were not able to defend themselves? When they came to the history of these accusations they would find they were made simply to turn away the eyes of England and from the conduct of a man who deserted his rear column. There was no one in England who would judge unfairly of these two persons, who were gone until the bottom of this melancholy history was probed.

Mr. Stanley has replied to some of the assertions made regarding his expedition at the meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society last week. In a conversation upon the report, cabled to the *Times*, he said that if an inquiry were wanted a court or commission of twelve gentlemen might be selected to examine witnesses. He proceeded to remark on the conduct of the relatives of Jameson and Barttelot as inexplicable, insisted that he had done all he could to shield the names of these men, and denied that he wanted to blacken

their character. Their families had surely had enough horrors without wanting more. The Seine is frozen over in many places near Paris. A vegetarian church is to be established in Philadelphia. New York has been suffering from an "epidemic" of moths.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are both suffering from colds. There is, it seems, a population of 22,000 children in the hospitals, workhouses, and dispensaries of London.

Professor Koch's birthday will be observed by the students of Berlin, who are getting up a torchlight procession in his honour. Two brothers were wrestling at Northwood, Iowa, the other day, when one of them was thrown with such violence that his neck was broken.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public from Friday, the 20th inst., on every week-day, Wednesdays excepted, until further orders. There are 350 social, athletic, and other clubs in New York, with an aggregate membership of 100,000, the twenty-five clubs of the first class having at least 25,000 members.

A Brooklyn dressmaker, not to be outdone by the New York milliner, who styles herself a "bonnet architect," has hung her sign on the outer wall as "Mrs. —, Dress Builder." "The average stipend of curates of the Church of England who have been twenty-five years in holy orders is only £118 a year. So it is stated in the report of the Curates Augmentation Fund.

At Nough Assizes the hearing of cases against Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., and other defendants, arising out of the Tipperary case, was adjourned to the 2nd inst., in consequence of the illness of one of the chief witnesses for the defence.

It is understood that one of the features of the grounds surrounding the Watkin Tower to be erected at Wembley Park will be the ship railway that attracted so much attention at the ill-fated Edinburgh Exhibition. Since 1872 the churches in connection with the Welsh Baptist Union, and those in connection with the Calvinistic Association, show an increase in the number of communicants of 48 and 41 per cent. respectively.

The peace strength of the Spanish Army is 92,000 men in Spain, 20,000 in Cuba, 3,000 in Porto Rico, 9,000 in the Philippines. Spain also possesses an admirable force of Guardia Civil and another of Carabineros.

Sir Peter Tait, late proprietor of the Limerick Army Clothing Factory and other large concerns, has just died at Lathom. He was three times a member of the House of Commons, and was knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was a member of the Union Pacific Railway at Rawlins, Wyoming, have struck work, and only the mail trains are now running. It is believed that the strike will become general over the entire line.

Eight thousand tons of steel rails have been ordered from England by the directors of the Magdeburg Railway. This is the first time for ten years that a railway order of anything like this magnitude has been placed outside Germany.

Mrs. Stanley was the other day presented with an address at a reception given in her honour at Toronto. "I do hope," she said, in reply, after thanking her entertainers, "Canadian will remain in loving links with their mother country, England."

The Surrey Association for the General Welfare of the Blind has received from Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons a donation of £100 towards the fund being raised for the purchase of their existing premises and workshops.

Another death has occurred in Berlin from infection with Dr. Koch's lymph, in the case of a patient who was under treatment by Dr. Liebert. It is said that Dr. Koch himself admits that in this case the injection was the cause of death.

An interesting marriage was performed in a Virginian town the other day. The bridegroom was M. V. Collins, who stands off 7in. high, and the bride, Martha J. Farnsworth, who is 5ft. 1in. in height. The bridegroom is 40 years old, and the bride 13.

The museum of the St. Petersburg University has received the remains of a man, named M. V. Collins, who stands off 7in. high, and the bride, Martha J. Farnsworth, who is 5ft. 1in. in height. The bridegroom is 40 years old, and the bride 13.

Dr. Perowne, Bishop-designate of Worcester, has been presented with a handsome and massive episcopal ring. The stone is a large amethyst, engraved with the name of the bishop-elect. The citizens of Peterborough have subscribed over £200 to make Dr. Perowne a parting gift.

In a recent English novel this description of an American girl is found:—"The cold-blooded, cut-throat American girl, calculating her romance by the yard, looking for sensations by the mile, and with a heart as cold as steel, and a head as hard as iron, she was a perfect and heart of an Equilibrium."

Great progress is being made with horse-breeding in Italy. For the first time the Board of Agriculture has offered premiums of 500 and 1,000 francs to agricultural associations and communal and provincial authorities to encourage the production of stud books of special breeds in the different provinces of the kingdom.

This is from a speech by Mr. Labouchere:—"Mr. Parnell accuses his former colleagues of wishing to live upon an English party; but he, not they, has had his election expenses paid by an English party. This was at Cork, in 1880, when his election was paid for by the English party. I can produce the man who got the money."

The Rev. E. Smythies, rector of Hathersham, was summoned at the Loughborough Police Court for obstructing the burial of a Nonconformist parishioner in October last. The evidence showed that Mr. Smythies kept the churchyard gates locked for twenty minutes, demanding a certificate to which he had no right. The matter was taken up by the Nonconformists, but the prosecuting counsel admitted that if the rev. gentleman would acknowledge the right of the parishioners, and express regret, the case would be withdrawn, and that course was adopted.

Severe gales, accompanied by snow and rain, have prevailed throughout the Eastern States of America from Maine to North Carolina. Daily's Theatre, in New York, has been partially unroofed by the force of the wind, and the telegraph service is interrupted. From Pittsburgh a peculiar accident is announced. Some overhead electric wires were thrown down by the gale, and three horses killed immediately, while several men were badly injured. The electric cars were ordered to cease running.

A meeting of the executive committee of the fund for raising a memorial to the late Rev. H. White, chaplain of the Savoy, has been held. Mr. J. E. Killick, the warden, presiding. Mr. W. J. Southby, the honorary secretary, reported that the fund amounted to close on £300. The committee resolved to recommend to the subscribers that a stained glass window, with a memorial brass, should be placed in the Savoy Chapel, and a mosaic in the chapel of King's College, London, of which Mr. White was for many years chaplain and organist.

They character. Their families had surely had enough horrors without wanting more. The Seine is frozen over in many places near Paris. A vegetarian church is to be established in Philadelphia. New York has been suffering from an "epidemic" of moths.

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BY LARRY LYNX.

With our rivers almost ice-bound and times enveloped in thick heavy mists, the land in the grip of King Frost, says much for the dauntlessness of amateur oarsmen that they should defy elements as did the rival trial eight of C.

Rugby football, so far as the South is concerned, has been practically a dead letter

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and 34 and 36, Tottenham Court-road, 1, Chancery-lane, and 34 and 36, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, W.,

Dept. DEAN, SMITH, and CO., 21, Theobalds-road, N. 1,
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FACT HOUSE

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A JURY,
James Baker, of 24, Grove House-road

Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Friday, for having attempted to influence and corrupt a jury empanelled to try one Bernard Bealer.

on a charge of misdemeanour, by persuasions, entreaties, and entertainments, and there-
by inciting the said jury to be more
favourable to the side of Bernard Becker.

Mr. Forbes, of Fulton, who prosecuted, and Bosler was tried and convicted at the London Sessions of publishing a defamatory libel of and concerning the British Medical General Life Assurance Company, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. On the fourth day of the trial, Bosler, the defendant, mingled with the crowd leaving the court, and spoke to two members of the jury—Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haated. Defendant told them that if they would see an auctioneer named Platt, who resided at Hampstead, he would give them valuable information about Bosler. Defendant suggested that the two jurors should have a drink, and then went to the King's Lud, where defendant paid for refreshments for them. On the following Monday, the day the verdict was given, defendant again was seen in communication with Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Haated, and a third juror named Perry, and again a conversation about Bosler took place. Evidence having been given, the trial was committed for trial ball being allowed.

BURGULARS IN THE TEMPLE.
The Temple has just been disturbed by a gang of thieves, who have broken open and looted three sets of chambers. In one the private secretary of an M.P. lost all his jewellery.

"IN THE SWIM."
—♦—
BY A CITY BARK.

The Stock Exchange has felt the influence of the approaching holiday season in the usual shrinkage of business. Nor are operators altogether sorry to have a good pretext for knocking off from work. Very few are fortunate as to be able to show a balance on the right side for the current quarter. Up to the end of September things tottered along pretty comfortably, without either heavy gains or losses. After that date, however, deluge of destruction swamped the leading markets, and although there are some signs

of this disastrous flood abating, they may possibly prove as deceptive as on so many previous occasions. Some authorities forecast a time of dearer money before the end of this year; others predict much trouble on the Paris and Berlin bourses. In a word, the prospect of a crash in the Paris and London money markets has been loudly doing the exercise their vocation, the very din creates alarm. Unfortunately there exist some solid reasons for viewing the future with apprehension, if not with despondency. A number of foreign financiers have got terribly squeezed over the Argentine smash-up, and being heavily loaded with international securities of doubtful condition in the hands of those who are close to the condition in which the house of Baring found it is like Black Friday. Then, too, there are distinct indications of unsoundness at bottom in the German, Austrian, and Roman capitals consequent upon the reaction from reckless speculation. All these considerations point

unmistakably in the direction of lower prices. But there are powerful forces arrayed on the other side also. The whole financial world is vitally concerned to stave off any further disasters, and now that it is on the look out for squanders of the good ship of speculation can scarcely take much harm. Then, too, the account for the

rise has been very largely reduced or arrested, while we now know pretty well the dimensions of the Argentine crisis. Things being in a balanced state, the wisest course seems to be to stand off for the rest of the year. Business should be slack for the next fortnight or three weeks, a state of things which is usually accompanied by drooping prices. The chance of briskness and buoyancy lies, I believe, in American rails. An important state has just been taken by all the Western lines.

to behave in more friendly fashion toward one another for the future. Their controlling motive is to begin to see that rate-utting, however profitable to the general public, is the reverse of profitable to railway shareholders and should the present treaty of peace with smoothy, its perpetuation may be taken for granted. I am in entire accord with

Money that Louisville and Norfolk a Western Preference offer very tempting prizes to speculative investors. Both are quoted very far below their intrinsic value and this being the case a marked recovery

can only be a question of time. Costs of bonds still remain torpid, owing to French holders trying to unload whenever a rise takes place. How long it will take for them to clear out is beyond the realm of conjecture. I must content myself, therefore, with repeating my opinion that the B bonds, at the present quotation, give the best value for investment money in the whole foreign market.

Practically no business was done on the Stock Exchange to-day. Consols were steady. Foreign Government Securities moved slightly. Home Railways a shade harder. American Railways dull. Miscellaneous Mining Securities without feature. Last quotations:—Consols, 95½; ditto Account 95½; Two-and-a-half per Cents, 92½.

FOREIGN BONDS.	
Argentine, 1900, 100, 9	Peruvian Corp., 105,
Chilian, 1898, 11, 5	Ditto, Pref., 60, 31
Egyptian New, 191, 3	Portuguese, 4 p. C., 55,
Ditto United, 91, 6	Rumanian, 4 per C., 99,
1911 e Dairrahah, 99, 15	Spanish 4 per C., 41, 5
Ditto Domain, 100, 15	Ditto 4 per Cents, 75,
	English, Defence, 101, 5

France 3 per Centa. 194. 25	Paraguay 1844, 1846. 38. 42
Magra. 4 p.C. 1881. 81. 5	
Italian 5 per Centa. 93. 5	
Mexican 6 p.C. 1886. 26. 5	
BRITISH	
Brighton Ordinary. 101. 3	
RAILWAYS.	
Metropolitan. 75. 65	

[illegible]

Canadian Pacific, 74, 5
Great Northern, 74, 5
Missouri & North, 74, 5
New York Central, 191, 2
Reading, 188, 5
Union Pacific, 74, 5
Wabash Common, 191, 2
Ditto Pref., 17, 6

OTHER AMERICAN RAILWAYS

Canadian Pacific, 74, 5
Great Northern, 74, 5
Missouri & North, 74, 5
New York Central, 191, 2
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Union Pacific, 74, 5
Wabash Common, 191, 2
Ditto Pref., 17, 6

Grand Trunk Ord.	36.	Merican Ord.	120.
Utto 1st Prof.	86.	Utto 1st Prof.	120.
Utto 2nd Prof.	37.	Utto 2nd Prof.	77.

MINK.

Cape Copper.	48.	Montana.	—
De Beers.	16.	Mysore.	56.
Jubilee.	46.	Rio Tinto.	23.

to
ed,
Jumper, 25.
Mason and Barry, 75.
Allopo, Ordinal, 25.
Barrett's Brewery, 15.
Grant and May, 25.
Glen Light and Cook, 25.
- - - - - Ordinary, 14 14

Lord Salisbury has replied to the clerk of Glasgow, accepting the offered sum of that city, and stating that he will date with as little delay as possible.

OLD KIDGERBY'S RESEARCHES.

BY



ARTHUR MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

"See, here, uncle, what I have been planting. Look at the little buds!"

"Eh? What? Look at the little buds? Lawd—ye want to see me in the workhouse at once? Take 'em back—I won't have 'em!"

"But, uncle, I didn't—"

"Fine thing, roses, and me bein' robbed right and left a ready. Here's the widdar woman in the rowd—sticks wot fetch 'arf-a-crown, and she's got 'em all the same!"

"But, uncle, I didn't—"

"I didn't buy them, uncle; I've got no money. They're a present."

"Present! Nobody gives me presents. That young Brewster, I guess, comin' foomin' and a-widdar you to disrobber your uncle as has kep' you respectable. I won't have 'em!"

"I'm sure he doesn't want to do that, uncle. And"—with the suspicion of a twinkle in the eye—"he has brought you some tobacco—plug tobacco."

"Hay? plug? Ah, well, hum, and with indistinct grunts Uncle Kidgerby disappeared up the passage."

It was the front garden of a little cottage near Stepney Green, one of a row of such little cottages which had been genuine country cottages, with honeysuckle and lilies, and a hundred and fifty years ago, and at the time when Stepney was a rural parish, including in its bounds nearly the whole of the Tower Hamlets; when green fields stretched from very near Aldgate all along the side of the great Essex road, broken only by picturesque groups of cottages about the Red Cow Inn, the ducking pond at Mile End, and Queen Eleanor's old bridge over the Lea at Bow; and here and there a row of almshouses, which still linger such cottages about parts of Stepney, with little wooden fences enclosing little gardens, which bubble over, so to speak, with marigolds, sweetwilliams, and scarlet-runners. There are some on Stepney Green itself. But a great deal of the surrounding scenery must be blotted out before it becomes possible to imagine the marigolds nodding their heads in the unchecked breath of the green country, to smell the grass, and to hear the merry wren.

But here, in dreary dun-coloured Stepney, in the dun-coloured year eighteen hundred and seventy-something, was a bright corner. The sun shone pleasantly on Kidgerby's front garden, pleasant and astonished to find a smiling spot in the midst of the dulled piece of his day's journey. He brought out the lustre of the well-polished door knocker, he made the marigolds a shower of gold, and peeped saucily under her white sun-bonnet into the sweet little face of the Danes who stood at it. Her name, by the bye, was not actually Danes—only Ruth; which isn't such a gorgeous name to look at, but on the whole, the prettier of the two to hear. So that if only the beholder could have shot out the adjoining houses from his eyes, the neighbouring gas works from his nose, and the recollection of old Kidgerby from his head, he would have been persuaded himself that No. 5, Duddell's-row was altogether a charming retreat.

What No. 5 would have been like without Ruth could be matter of dismal speculation. There would have been no front garden; there would have been no bright knocker; there would have been no white door-step; but the chief affliction would still have been that there was no Ruth. Kidgerby had been a shipwright, and in the days of the property of trade in the East-end had saved certain money; this money he had manipulated in a way which hinted at the neighbours as "speculating"—hinted at in a tone suggestive of devil-dealing. He had bought little houses, and accumulated the rents, had bought others. He had never married, because it might have turned out expensive. Ruth did all his house work, and came cheaper than a servant, because he didn't pay her anything; and, as she had no parents, Kidgerby assumed to be her father for his charity in keeping her, and found it a very soothing thing to reflect on. Kidgerby was not a popular man in Duddell's-row, and wild legends were current in regard to his hoarded wealth and his "near living." One story—supposed to have been maliciously circulated by the butcher's boy—having reference to an ancestral knuckledrone, was said to have been in the Kidgerby family from time immemorial, and to be used on special occasions, such as Christmas or a bank holiday, with a great deal of water, or to make soup.

Kidgerby made his way through the narrow passage to the little back room which he used as an office, and there locked himself in. He then slowly and with care took off his overcoat—Kidgerby always wore this long, shapeless, shiny, baggy overcoat, winter and summer—it was a part of his system. Hanging the coat on a convenient nail, he carefully worked out, from one of the big side pockets, something which fitted very tightly. It was a book—a quarto—a very old book. The brown calf covers were ragged and broken, but were held sturdy together by the thick frayed pieces of hempen cord visible through the torn back. Kidgerby put it on the inkily sloping board which served for a desk, and opened it. It was a Bible, in black letter.

He sat down, and, pulling out a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, carefully examined the fly leaf. There were various entries in faded ink, at times almost illegible brown ink on both sides of this leaf, the top of which was torn away. The first side had little of interest for Kidgerby, who speedily turned to the other, and after reading the entries line by line, guiding his eyes with a very grubby finger, rested his head between his clenched fists and regarded the writing with steady attention.

Then this singular old gentleman tore out the leaf, smoothed it out on a ruinous blotting pad, and, taking a pea full of ink, began with much difficulty and care, and many facial contortions, to ink over exactly every letter of the inscription, so that the faint struggling old-fashioned characters stood out clearly to the eye in modern black ink. After half an

hour's work the two entries, which were in different handwritings, the second being



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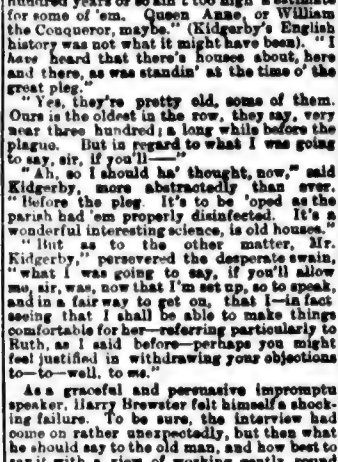
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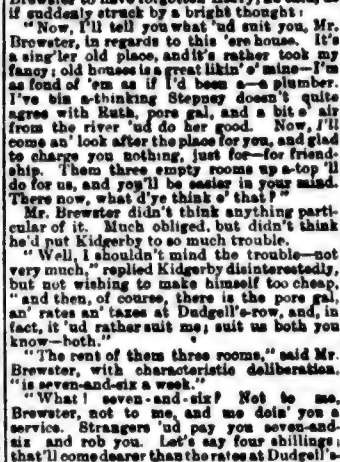
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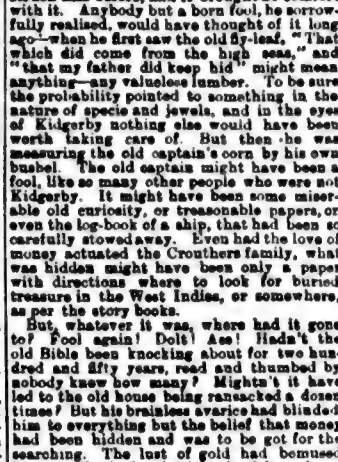
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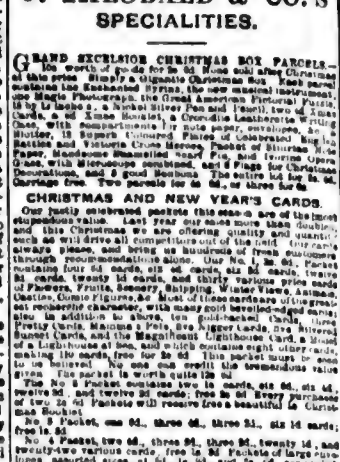
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former and less faded than the first, read in legible characters, always ready for future reference, thus:—

First.—Take heed my son that there lyeth in the house at Blackwall over apt the river stairway, y^e. w^ho. did come from the high seas by y^e. goods father John Crouthers captⁿ reg^d in pace.

Second.—August 27, 1865. O wotful day to me my eyes and mine ears to the post pit. Did I tell me wotly before that my father did keep aid. Let I dye. Lord have mercie upon us. I.C.

After this the fly leaf was blank. Reading both entries over once more, old Kidgerby carefully pressed the wet writing upon the tattered blotting paper, folded it, and with circumspect deliberation locked it up in a dingy little iron safe standing in the corner of the room; after which he resumed the baggy coat, and, after opening a drawer to put the old Bible into, thought a moment, changed his mind, put the book into the big pocket, and went out—back to the "widdar woman's" whence he had brought it.

CHAPTER II.

Ten o'clock, and a windy night. Overhead a flying patchwork of cloud, black and grey, with here and there the momentary peep of a timid star, and now and again broad light from the white moon. A whistle, a song, and a moan from the thick rigging of the ships in the docks and at the riverside, where it bends and stretches in the damp west wind, moistened now and again with a faint sprinkle from the black patches above. A dark, narrow street leading down to the river, fronted along the narrow pavement which seems only a continuous doorstep before the dark houses, an old man in a long, baggy coat—a round-shouldered old man, who, although his collar is turned up, warm as the night is, so as to conceal much of his face, is yet seen to be sharp of feature and grizzled of hair—old Kidgerby.

At the end of the street, near a broader turning, he came in sight of the river; a broad opening before a little piece of waste ground; on the left a flight of worn steps leading down to a slope of mud and shingle dotted over with many stranded boats, and beyond that the Thames, a river which the low black shore of Bugby's marshes was lit by solitary twinkling light. On the right of the waste ground stood a large rambling wooden public-house, well lit up inside, and with its river front hanging along the water, casting at high tide, with a perpetual thrum of tumbling water, a light upon the river side, were old and quaint, many were used as ship fitters and boat builders' shops.

Along this narrow way the old man very slowly proceeded, earnestly inspecting each house as he did so, and frequently stopping and turning about for the purpose. Arrived at the other end, where was a broader new street and a dock creek, he turned back and recommenced his examination in the opposite direction. About half way he stopped, and backing up against a doorstep, became absorbed in contemplation of a house opposite. It was a strange old house, built of brick below, with top storeys of wood. The front door was a broad and massive one, and the window frames were thick and clumsy. It was evidently not used as a dwelling-house, for, besides a general appearance suggestive of a warehouse and a chimney, there was painted on the side gate, through the wide cracks of which an occasional glint of the river told where the moon shone, the inscription, "W. Brewster, Mast and Block Maker," with the evidently recent addition to the first line of the words, in smaller white letters, "and Son."

As he looked, the door behind him suddenly opened and a somebody came briskly across the doorstep against his back.

"Beg pardon! it's dark out here. Why"—this in an altered tone—"is it you, Mr. Kidgerby?"

Kidgerby backed a little and gave a neutral grunt. The new-comer was a square, well-set young fellow, a little over middle height.

"I'm sorry I ran into you. You were in the dark and I was coming out of the light in the passage and did't see you. We don't often see you at Blackwall Stairs. Won't you go in and see Father's shop?"

No, Kidgerby didn't think he'd go in. He thought he'd be getting along. He had only been having a look at the old houses—rum things, old houses, unhealthy, some said. Seemed the house opposite was given up to workshops alone.

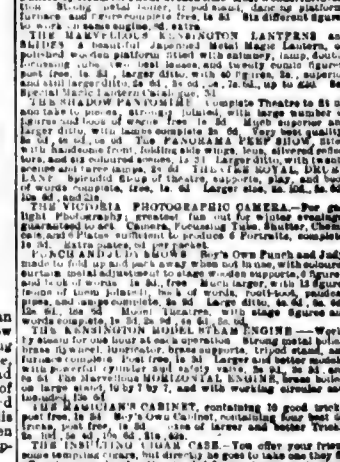
Well, we don't live there now; we're crowded out. There's two or three rooms empty at the top, but the benches and the 'stuff' fill up the rest of the place, since we took this house to live in," indicating the one behind them. "Business has been pretty brisk, and you know," with some pride, pointing at the lettering on the gate, "father's taken me in with him now."

Kidgerby emitted the most amiable grunt he could muster, and wished the firm good luck. "If I'd had such a chance in my life," he said, "I wouldn't have wasted it. Not me. I'd have been worth a bit of money now, pray."

Young Brewster thought this would have been very likely. "And—talking of that," he continued, "with a tremendous internal flutter and turbulence at the throat; talking of that, you know, Mr. Kidgerby, now that I'm set up, so to speak—particularly referring to Ruth—I wanted to come and see you to—in point of fact—to ask—"

"Now, them old houses," interrupted old Kidgerby, gazing across the street with suddenly assumed abstractness, "them old houses are certainly what you might say 'fashioned' characters stood out clearly to the eye in modern black ink. After half an

hour's work the two entries, which were in different handwritings, the second being



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There was only one man who received these stories with incredulity, and yet had an insatiable appetite for them. James, the suspected poacher, was a new-comer to the hamlet, but the most curious of its habits was in regard to the squire. At farmstead meeting places of the gossip the smith's anvil, the joiner's shop, stone where the greybeards sit, it was to be seen, grim, taciturn, and st even in decay, drinking in all the particulars he could glean about John. He had obtained piece-work as a hedger ditcher, so that he could choose his time for work, and it was observed that he took a special interest in the Windy Knave and in a field adjoining deer-park. In the early morning, before shepherd was astride on the starn and before their midnight glow, with his hands and a long-knife on his shoulder, he was to be seen walking away from the park's footpath, his wide-brimmed hat always dozing a little might before he returned. Yet Quillst, the patriarch of the village,

Richard was embarrassed. He anticipated the expedition, and longed for pleasure to it, but a foreboding he could quite not shake for. Nevertheless, he was obliged with no ready excuse for refusing, when Dodsley, in characteristic fashion, jesting about fathers-in-law, he thought himself that, after all, his sweetheart's influence might be greater than his own as the hermit, and so he consented.

It required all the force of which he was master, however, to enable him to charge the duties of a host next night, the absurdity of his male guest's conduct did not strike him as usual. Mr. Dodsley who was immensely rich, had conceived the idea of illuminating a phantasm covered by the electric light, and, being in high spirits, expounded the merits of the scheme in great gusto. Birds always flew towards

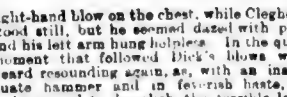
from having it out." The other seemed to recover courage at the sound of the man's voice.

"I thought you were dead and I was going out of my mind," he said. "I would not believe me if I suddenly produced sensations, but look here, I denuded your loaded pistol, 'I never stir without it.' Move one step nearer, and the next time I am before the corner it will be as the result of an inquest. Throw away your billiard cue. Now, you convicted felon and would-be murderer, you who have three times tried to cost my death, there is an end and a close to terror, and his finger was already pressing the trigger when something in the man almost triumphant composure arrested the motion; for James Claghorn stood as stiff as erect as a soldier on parade, as one who smiles on his strong, scarred features. "Shoot your felon and your features, squint the man instantly." "Life ain't of use to me. Fire, and face the hanging you deserve, let the game be ended. We are both men, and for my part, though children be

banks of Till, you may at midnight hear the clash and din of fighting men. For he said as long as there are ruins on the Windy Knolls the ghosts of these dead men will meet in every nocturnal tour of hurricanes—meet to battle it out again.

It was a long time before old Mr. Todal recovered from the horror of that night, a longer still before he would consent to his daughter's marriage, but with all his faults he is a just man, and admitted that, horrible as it was, the scene he witnessed afforded proof he had asked for. And now Squire Elmar is the most popular landholder in Northumberland, and Mary, as the cottage the sweetest lady that ever sat under its morning, while her father, still unweary of grief, is almost a constant visitor at Elm Hall, where he plays with his grandchildren and tries to induce his son to illuminate the game preserve with the electric light.

E. L. Todal

[illegible]

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By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

with his massive figure, his head above the crowd, his keen clever face, and budding reputation—Wratislav, whose skill and nerve and hardness were already beginning to be talked of in his hospital—could not fasten on himself that he had much the better of this mean little stranger, not that he was bending his brows over him. The man and his purpose he had almost dismissed from his mind. He was thinking instead of the fifty pounds, and his need of it—his brother's need of it. For he had a brother, a young fellow in the temple, unlike himself as a woman as his consulting-room. He was tumbling in the dark for a match when a tall woman in a nurse's dress came in and silently lit the gas over his table. She did not go away, and, though he seemed in no hurry to look at her, he had to look at last. "Well," he said, with a kind of savage impatience, "what are you waiting for?"

"My brother has come home."



The doctor lifted a slender glass tube from the table and examined it with extreme care so that he was long in answering. The on-flaring gas-jet, specially arranged for the purpose of throwing and eyes, was in the room, filling it with dazzling lights and deep shadows. "Well," he said again, "what of that?"

"You know best," she said. She was a tall woman, young, and once, perhaps very tall, handsome. Now her face was paler, her hair rough, her eyes apathetic. It was as if the body of the woman remained, and the soul was dead—or stolen. At St. Didimus's men looked askance with reference was made to Nurse Talbot, who had left the hospital—to take up outside nursing, she had said. Before Wratislav they were chary of mentioning her at all.

The doctor broke the silence at last. "What has you found you out?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, what did he say? Something unpleasant, I suppose?"

"Yes, it was unpleasant," the woman answered, with a manly, slight shiver, shaking her form for a moment and a curious expression coming into her eyes as she looked, not at him, but at some object besides him. "But it was not much. He will not come again."

The doctor was still examining the glass tube, and he had not seen that strange expression, or his answer might have been other than a jeering laugh. "Oh, so that is the end of the formidable beauty, is it?" he sneered. "There is all that has come to Michael the avenger. Then let us have more of this rubbish! Don't go peaking and puking about the house as if you expected to fall upon you. A little more and you will make mess of seeing your pale face and solemn eyes gliding up and down the stairs, Peggy. There, go now; I am busy."

His tone was impatient, almost to be quite plain—brutality. Yet the woman, though she still did not look at him, seemed for a moment to hesitate, as if he had a mind to reply. In the end, however—he was opening and shutting drawers now, and paid more heed to her—she went out in the same apathetic fashion. Within a few minutes there came a ring at the bell, and the doctor, with his hat on, went through the hall and opened the door himself. The gas in the hall was lighted; apparently the young woman came at once so old and young—had lighted it, if he had looked up, he might have seen her skirt as she paused at the head of the stairs and listened. His visitor stayed no more than a couple of minutes. Then the door slammed again, and the doctor was alone.

The next day was to Wratislav one of the busiest he had ever known. It seemed that the tide of success had begun to flow earnest, and his engagements were such that it was not until the evening that he found himself free to go to the Temple. Taking his way, by accident or design, through Leicester-square, he went by the spot where yesterday's strange interview had taken place, and could not restrain the wandering of his eyes, which involuntarily interrogated each passing figure. Nor were his expectations, if he recalled, any disappointed, for the man who had accosted him last night was at his side again presently, reaching it in some stealthy fashion, for which the closing in the day and the crowd about a fallen carriage perhaps accounted. The moment turned upon a hand touched his sleeve, Wratislav turned up his head. "Ah! it is you, is it?"

"Yes, it is," he laughed.

The man's face was irrepressible and his eyes glittered dangerously as he answered. "Yes, it is, doctor. No doubt you expect me."

"Well, to tell you the truth," returned Wratislav, looking down at him with whiplike deliberation, "I did, my friend. How do you find yourself to-day?"

His jeering tone stung the other to strange passion. "And you—do you know what the punishment for obtaining money by false pretences?" he gasped venomously, bringing his face nearer the doctor's, while his fingers closed on the latter's arm. "Do you hear? Do you understand? You have played with me, doctor, but by—I will prosecute you!"

Wratislav did not move or attempt to shake himself free, but his brows contracted little. "Yes, I understand," he answered. "But I must remind you of something. It is five minutes' walk to Bow street. What is to prevent me handing you over to the nearest constable as a lunatic and telling the magistrato precisely what I passed between us, my friend?"


"Only one thing," replied the stranger with the utmost coolness, "that you would have to refund the money, and you have got it."

"Why need I mention the money at all rejoined Wratislav sharply.

"Because I have the numbers of the notes," chuckled the little man, snatching the ascendancy precisely as he had done yesterday. "Ha! ha! If you have got notes, call the constable! If not, do not keep your word or take the consequences of your own folly. Capital defence—until it comes to the money."

death, laughed a low laugh not pleasant to hear. "Well," he said, almost apologetically, after a moment's pause, "to be candid, I thought I would give you a locus sententiarum, my good fellow."

"It was not strong enough! Not half strong enough!" snapped the stranger.



The doctor smiled. Possibly the other's ignorance relieved him—set him up again in his own estimation. But he only answered, "How long did you sleep after it, my friend?"

"Ten hours," was the sullen answer.

"I see no signs of fever about you," the doctor returned, "staring him curiously. "Is not your skin dry? Do your eyes ache?"

"Look here!" the stranger broke out furiously. "Once for all, are you going to give me what I want, or not? I had no reason to think you had a white-livered conscience, God knows, or I should have gone to some one else. But if you think so much of a life—" he continued bitterly.

"I think as much of your life," Wratlaw retorted, in a low stern voice, "as of a rat's. You fool! Life? What is it? I have common sense, ay, and rich men, too, in such pain that they would give all they had in the world to be rid of life! And do you think I value yours? Here, take this, and begone!"

The man snatched at the little parcel greedily. Whatever doubt he might otherwise have felt was dispelled by a single glance at the doctor's usually handsome face, which at that moment was ugly enough. "Right!" he muttered, thus re-assured, "I am gone," and turning at once, he crossed the roadway almost under the wheels of an omnibus, and was lost to sight among the crowd which was beginning to gather outside the Imperial Theatre.

The doctor walked on briskly, threatening a rapid pace the mean, dreary streets, which lay between him and the Strand. He had said, and truly at the time, that he thought no more of the life of this stranger, who he momentarily raised a hand to him out of the mud of London, than of a rat's. But, for all that, when he entered his brother's chambers in Pump-court his thoughts were abroad, and though he noticed that the young fellow who was lying on a sofa, his handsome girlish head half-buried in cushions, was ill and dying, and gave him but snappish answers instead of the gratitude he had a right to expect—for what had he not done for him?—he took small heed of it, and except that he was marked with satisfaction that the man's possession was gone, he remembered little of his visit afterwards. With his affection for this shiftless, helpless brother there mingled an unacknowledged contempt, which led him as usually to expect any sensible return for his protective kindness as mother expects thanks from the infant that cries when plucked from the fire.

That the young fellow looked pale and heavy-eyed, did not surprise him under the circumstances. That he was not profuse of thanks or loud in acknowledgment surprised him less. He was busy, and he presently hurried away, satisfied that the moon had been put to the use to which he had destined it, and willing to postpone—perhaps afraid to hear—any other problem which his brother's difficulties might present for solution.

But not home. To a chop-house first, where he dined for one and ten. Then to the hospital to deliver an evening lecture, which was part of his duties as demonstrator of physiology. Thence to the house of a medical friend, whom he was attending for nothing. About midnight, fagged and tired, to Wine-street. Late as it was, he found the great still burning in hall and consulting-room, and in the latter, sitting upright on the little couch with her hands lying idle in her lap, was the woman in the nurse's dress. She showed a swift look at his face as he entered, and in her own there was a little fear and apprehension. But as she dropped her eyes once, and was the next instant the same moody apathetic creature he had known for a month past, he noticed nothing, and his only greeting was the rough question, "What are you sitting up? Now do not go and me that your brother has been here again kicking up a row?"

She said he had not and making no excuse for her presence, rose to leave the room. But at the door she stood and looked back, as if she wished, yet feared, to say something. "Did you settle about your brother?" she said at last.

"Yes, yes," he muttered ungraciously. "I was tearing open two or three letters, which had come during the day, and did not look her."

"And he is all right?"

"All right," he retorted peevishly. "You would he should be? I tell you I have settled the matter."

She drew a deep breath which sounded like a sigh of relief, and went then. Left alone, he drew out his professional diary and proceeded to finish his day's work; a long and busy day it had been, full alike of promise and performance. But there was one little transaction he did not enter, though it occupied considerable space in his mind, and was the last thing of which he thought as he went to bed.

The next morning being one of those which Wratlaw rarely goes to the hospital, he was in his room early, ready to take part in a conference to be held over a novel and critical case which had recently come in, the disease one rare in Germany and almost unknown in England. His sagacity and confident skill had never been more evident, so that it was his opinion which settled the treatment to be pursued, and to his face, of the half-dozen bent over him, that the poor wretch, cowering in pain of body and mind, looked, and not in vain, for comfort. As the doctor turned away, well satisfied with himself, a lad handed him a telegram.

"From Marlborough House?" asked one of his colleagues, jestingly, and yet with an under-meaning of earnest which was plain to all.

gravely, "that I must leave you some less."

Making some hasty arrangement to bridge over his absence, he had a hansom called, and in two minutes was galloping eastward over the bridge and along the Embankment. The telegram had run—"Come to your brother at once. Most urgent.—BLAKISTON."

He had met Blakiston two or three times at his brother's chambers, and knew him by sight and name as his brother's intimate friend. But the nation telegraphing in Fred's name was a phenomenon requiring explanation, and though a dozen reasons which might account for it suggested themselves, his mind rejected all but one, and that one drove the smile from his lips. Leaping from his cab in Middle Temple-lane, he slipped quickly into Pump-court, which on this day, when rain was falling everywhere, was reeking with fogs and moisture, and he looked to him a phenomenon.

Unmistaken eyes the darkest place in all London. Nevertheless, in the middle of it, leaning against the pump, stood a policeman, reading a damp newspaper.

Wratlaw stopped hurriedly up. "Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the man answered, after taking a look at him. "Suicide, I am afraid, sir."

"Where?" Wratlaw continued, creaking down the grey terror in his mind. "I am a medical man."

"No. 7, second floor right," the officer replied more briskly. "You can go up, sir, if you like. There is one of your gentlemen with him now."

The surgeon who had been called in was coming out of the room, a little shaken by what he had seen there, and he met Wratlaw at the door. "The gentleman, I am afraid, and, being a St. Didymus man, knew him. 'You are too late,' he said, gently taking his hand, but looking anywhere save at his face. He was aware, of course, of the relationship between the two men. 'There was nothing to be done when I came, Wratlaw. He must have taken it last night, for he had been dead some hours, poor fellow.'"

"What was it?" said Wratlaw hoarsely.

"Well, not at all a common thing."

"What? What?"

The surgeon summed the mixture in chemical language and being surprised by an exclamation uttered into looking at the others, saw an expression of wild horror spring on a sudden into the stern set face, cold and composed, with which Wratlaw had up to this masked his feelings. "What was it, do you say?" the doctor gasped again, his hand quitting the other's hand to fasten on his arm, as if he feared it might have shaken him into terrible impotence.

The surgeon repeated his answer, and to confirm it drew a tiny corked phial from his pocket, a little phial without label or directions, but marked by a curious flaw in the neck which rendered it easy for any one who handled it to identify it again. "One comfort you have, Wratlaw," he added, "with much feeling, after pointing this out, 'your brother's death must have been painless—absolutely painless.'"

To his amazement, Wratlaw broke out into a cold sweat and on hearing these words and tearing himself from his hand clattered down the stairs, stumbling and finding himself by the wall as if he were blind or partially paralysed. After a moment's hesitation, the result of surprise, the surgeon followed in alarm, and learned from the policeman that the tall gentleman had passed him swiftly looking white and queer, and had gone towards the Strand.

But that time Dr. Wratlaw, walking with closed umbrellas through the rain, was half-way home. His impulse, his only impulse was to get home and be alone. Habit, however, or some unconscious calculation, led him to take the way through Leicester-square, and though he was not of exercising any purpose in doing so or of exercising any vigilance as he went, his eyes suddenly detected in the middle of a group of men who were standing the dridle round a public-house a face he knew—a face filled, as it seemed to him, with a devilish joy. And the sight seared his blood on the instant in a flame.

"Steady, sir, steady," said the cabman at that moment, when it was all over—the same man who by flinging his arms round him had struck his blind road. "Are you mad or drunk, sir? What was it? I saw nothing."

"I thought I saw—" Wratlaw began, but he broke off, and dropping his eyes which had been staring fixed on the man who had struck him, looked at him in a dazed way. "I think I am not very well," he muttered slowly taking out a shilling. "I think I will go home."

"Best thing too, sir," said the man approvingly.

When Wratlaw reached home, which it seemed to him he did the next instant, for he was conscious of no interval and never afterwards remembered whether he walked or drove, he let himself in quietly, and stood for a moment in the hall listening. The house was very still, only the clock on the stairs ticking the measured seconds, and it was with an effort and a stealthy footstep, which seemed afraid to break the silence, that he went from room to room. He found all empty. Even the kitchen was deserted. The servant had gone on an errand, and of Nurse Talbot there was not a trace remaining. Only on his table in his consulting-room there, on a stained Bible, lay a note under which lay the net that they hid privily in their foot taken.

He went about his work the next day, for a career such as Wratlaw's there can be no halting by the way. But those who knew him best saw a change hard to describe in words. His brother's death had aged him strangely to an extent which even those who had observed his affection for the spendthrift could not understand, and which completely refuted the outsiders who had boasted of his hardness. His face came to wear a curious watchful look which seldom left it save at a patient's bedside; and he who formerly was the stoutest of materialists had late startled one or two of his cronies by indulging in curious speculations upon the existence of a personal deity.

Steady Wratlaw

AN EXTENSIVE SAVING.

A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient, and then requested to know what had been said of it. "Five sequins," replied the customer. "was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not dear." The tailor paused for a moment, "I am a beginner in trade," said he to the spice dealer, "an money is an object to me—give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair. I agree," returned the other; and the two sequins were produced and paid. "It is well," said the man of the needle. "I am a person of no word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and have promised to save you three. Take them to some other tailor, and Allah drive you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as that you were

MIND-READING, OR TRICKERY. Professor Charles E. Gatchal, of the Homoeopathic Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan, pronounces mind-reading a "fake." He was in Chicago last fall when P. Alexander Johnstone, the great mind-reader, did his wonderful feats. Professor Gatchal studied Johnstone's feats very carefully and finally concluded that he could do the same "trick," as he calls it, and all the other tricks which Johnstone did. He then posted \$500.00, with a Chicago paper to be forfeited to charity if he failed, if Mr. Johnstone would do the same, but the latter gentleman did not see fit to accept the offer. Mr. Johnstone gave an exhibition a short time since, and Professor Gatchal studied his work very carefully. He has now made an offer of \$500.00 to the gymnasium fund under the same conditions as he before made at Chicago. Professor Gatchal is not a believer in mind-readers, and claims not to belong to that class; but, whether he does the work by mind-reading or by clever sleight-of-hand, the professor certainly performs the same work and accomplishes the same results. Johnstone, of course, has performed a number of Johnstone's feats at the Psi Upsilon House, all of them successfully. He said Johnstone's great feat was driving a lively team on the dead run through a number of streets over which the committee had previously driven. The first thing done was to decide on a word to be taken from Webster's dictionary, and the committee decided on "mutilate." A team had been procured, was driven over a route thirteen blocks long, turning first one way and then the other, and complicating the route as much as possible, ending where they had started. The committee then blindfolded Professor Gatchal with a heavy bandage, drawing a thick hood over his head, and trying to lose the crowd. The only thing being ready, the professor and committee jumped into the carriage. Professor Gatchal took the lines and drove the horses rapidly, first turning one way and then the other, following the exact route taken by the committee. One of the committee asked if he could not drive a little slower, and he said: "We mind-readers all drive this way, and I assure you that I am not making a mistake." On arriving at the office he turned to the dictionary, turned after a little hesitation to the right page, and calling for a paper and pencil, wrote the word "mutilate" without hesitating. An overcoat was thrown over his head during this latter part of the test as an extra precaution. The committee then made another examination of the paraphernalia used, and ascertained that the professor employed the disfigurement of the committee, who had expected a failure.

SOMERSETSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS. If a hen crows it is a most unlucky sign, and betokens a death in the family; if, therefore, an unlucky hen is heard to crow, a woman is averted by chopping off its head. In setting a hen, care should be taken to place in the nest an uneven number of eggs, and to keep the hen from sitting on them, or she will thrive. Always take off your hat to a magpie, or at any rate bow respectfully to him, or evil will surely follow. Hold a robin in veneration; to kill one is most unlucky. [This is said to tap three times at the window before the death of any member of the family. Never transplant your parley; nothing can be more unlucky, and it is a capital offence to knock a magpie, which if anything, a little worse. Do not omit to "tell the bees" in case of death. An instance of this old custom occurred not long ago near Bath. A gentleman and his coachman died within a few days of each other. Both were bee keepers. The gentleman's widow lamented to the coachman's daughter that since her husband disappeared, she could not think what had become of them. "Of course, ma'am, you told the bees of the master's death!" said the girl. The lady, who had never heard of the custom, asked what she meant. Whereupon the girl explained that immediately a death takes place the bees must be told of the death of the deceased, and when the father died and rapped three times on the back of the hive and told them, and you see my bees have not gone." We are told that the custom is strictly adhered to in many of the Somersetshire villages.

A NIGHT RIDE ON THE PRAIRIE. "Speaking of riding," said the colonel, "there is only one horse in the world that can carry 160 pounds on his back all day at clipping gait, and that's a mustang. A mustang can carry a man and his gun, and he can kill one of them, and as for tiring him it's no use to try. I remember a little ride which I made once in Colorado. I had been in charge of the old man's cattle camp, and got one of those insane notions into my head that I wanted to go to Denver. I made up my excuse that the old man had sent for me to come to Denver to see about driving his cattle, and I started out with me and my saddle turned, my mustang's head toward the railroad, ninety miles away, and let the little rat make his own pace. When I reached the railroad I put up my mustang and boarded the first freight train for Denver. I hadn't been in the town thirty minutes before I met Sam Wilson, who always rode a roan, and the old man's horse. 'Well, you don't ride here,' he said. 'I told you I was coming to Denver,' I answered, promptly. 'The deuce he did,' said Sam, with a twinkling in his eye. 'He took the ten o'clock train this morning, bound for the ranch.' 'So he did, Sam,' I said, making a breast of it. 'I don't say anything about this, and it will be a fine dinner for you when he sends me a letter, and a lot of money.' 'Well, I was only fifty-five hours the start of me, and with hard riding I can beat him into the ranch, taking the best time.' 'Go on, my boy,' answered Sam, and my blood was with you.' When I stepped on the train the night was like pitch, and a hard sleet was driving across the prairie. I was in my saddle within ten minutes, and I was riding like a demon, and the old man's flanks with my spurs. He shot away like an arrow, and then settling down close to the ground dug along beautifully. The sleet stung like pin darts, but my mustang climbed along in the darkness without a word of touch of the spur from me. Only once I showed any light, and that was when I turned him into the upper trail. There was a sign of light, and I saw the old man's mustang seemed to think that I was crazy to take the trail. After I got him into it, however, he slipped away and went scurrying along like a nimble rabbit. Along the trail we went, I talking to the mustang all the time. At times the sleet burned my face and neck and ears so that I pulled down the mustang and let my mustang's head down, and I saw the old man's heavy mane. Then we were off on another race. I don't know how long were on that ride, for I took no time either end of it. But when I reached camp there were no lights burning, and I knew that I had beaten the old man. 'See the boys,' I said, stalking inside, and wringing the wet from my beard. 'I don't know what time I need to say anything about my going to Denver.' I heard a chuckle under the blankets. They understood me in a minute, and were laughing at my ride. 'I sit up for him,' I said. 'He ought to be along in an hour, anyway, and it is almost daylight now.' Another chuckle, and then a peaceful snoring. I didn't know what time it was, but I was sure that I had beaten the old man.

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